

SAGAS OF THE SEA, SHIPS, PLUNDER AND...



NO. 1
NOVEMBER

10¢



10¢

PIRACY



SCUTTLEBUTT



Have you ever cupped a brightly-colored, oddly-shaped shell to your ear and listened to the far away sound of the rolling swelling sea, and dreamed as you listened of sailing ships and distant tropic shores and buried treasure? Of course you have. Everyone, at one time or another, has had the urge to run away to sea. We've had it, too. But most of us . . . by far the great majority of us . . . never follow that urge. Instead, we satisfy our urge to "run away" by reading about the wonderful things of which our dreams are made. This magazine, then, is dedicated to all of you who have dreamed of escaping from your very real and sometimes dull and drab, confined little worlds. This, then, is your brightly-colored shell. Only it's *not so bright!*

Here, in PIRACY, we at E.C. will attempt to bring you sea-going yarns unlike anything you have ever read before. From the Arctic to The Cape of Good Hope, from the days of wooden galleons to the great steel-plated modern liners, these will be sagas of the men that went to sea . . . stripped of the romancer's glamor. These will be sagas of the sea as it was in *truth* . . . its violence, its cruelty, its brutality . . . and the violence and cruelty and brutality of the men that tailed upon her. For to those at the mercy of her winds, currents, calms and storms, and the ever-improving contrivances which kept them afloat upon her, life at sea was a constant struggle for survival. And the struggle for survival is a primitive law. So, upon the sea, men often return to the primitive, to a kind of savagery that was their insurance against extinction.

Across these pages then will sail the plunderers and pillagers, the pirates and privateers, the whalers, the smugglers, the money-hungry pearl-divers and treasure-hunters, the shanghaiers and the shanghaied, the mutineers, and all of the other adventures so often glamorized in romantic fiction. Here, you will see them as they *really were*.

In future issues, SCUTTLEBUTT will be your column, to shoot the breeze and sling the bilge as you see fit. This first time, as is our custom with new mags, it belongs to your editors.

Write us and tell us what you think of PIRACY. Give us an idea of the kind of stories you'd like to see us do. We'll be waiting to hear from you.

The Editors
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The Privateer

SPAIN, AT WAR WITH EVERY FOREIGN POWER IN THE NEW WORLD, SOON FOUND THAT SHE HAD A TOUGH NUT TO CRACK. ADVENTURERS, FREEBOOTERS, ... MEN WHO GAMBELED THEIR LIVES AND SKILLS TO WIN MIGHTY FORTUNES. ... DARED THE POWER OF THE WEALTHY RUTHLESS DONS ON THE HIGH SEAS. AMBITIOUS MEN ... EAGER FOR FAME, POWER, AND GOLD UNDER THE PROTECTION OF BOLD PATRIOTISM ... APPLIED TO THEIR GOVERNMENTS FOR LETTERS OF MARQUE SO THAT THEY COULD PLUNDER AND RANSACK LEGALLY ... AS PRIVATEERS. AND SUCH A MAN WAS CAPTAIN BALLARD JAMES...

CAPTAIN BALLARD JAMES... EX-PLANTATION OWNER... LANDLUBBER TURNED PRIVATEER... FACED HIS LIEUTENANTS, HIS SALLOW FACE ALIVE WITH EXCITEMENT. HERE WAS THE VERY FIRST TARGET OF HIS NEW CAREER. HERE WAS THE FIRST REALIZATION OF HIS AMBITIOUS DREAMS...

SAIL OFF THE PORT BOW...
ROW BY ROW-CAST, SIR...
HOLDING STEADY! 'TIS A
SPANISH GALLEON,
FOR SURE!

BEAT TO QUARTERS,
ALL HANDS ON DECK!
REPORT TO BATTLE
STATIONS AND PREPARE
TO BOARD SHIP...



TIME AND AGAIN, THIS IRITATING DIFFERENCE BETWEEN PRIVATEER AND PIRATE HAS COME UP TO CHALLENGE CAPTAIN JAMES' CONTROL OVER HIS MEN. AND TIME AND AGAIN, HE'D SAVED AT THE DISTINCTION.



HOLD! THE FLAG ON THE JIBBEL! LET 'EM SEE WHO WE ARE!

AYE, AYE, SIR!

EVERY PRIZE WON...EVERY GARD CAPTURED...WOULD BE SHAPED BY ALL EXCEPT FOR THE ONE FIFTH TONDER-SHARE TO BE PRESENTED TO THE ENGLISH GOVERNMENT THAT HAD GIVEN CAPTAIN JAMES HIS COMMISSION.



WE'RE CLOSING IN! LOAD CANNONS! READY FOR FIRING! FIRE...

FOR GODS HIGH RETRETA... PRONTO!

CAPTAIN JAMES'S BLOOD BOLE DOWN FOR THE KILL, ITS ROUND SHOT FLIPPING THROUGH THE GALLIOT'S HULL, CUTTING THROUGH KNOCK OF HALF-RAZED, POWDER-BRINED MEN. SMOKE BLANKETED THE CARRAGE ON THE SPANISH VESSEL'S DECK. SPARS AND MASTS FELL...CRASHING DOWN ON SCREAMING MEN BELOW.



HARD PUGGER RIGHT AND RETURN MANEUVER! READY WITH BOARDING PIRES!

HER DECKS RAKED WITH GAMESHOT, HER MEN SHAKEN AND FLUNG FROM HER CANNON, THE SPANISH GALLION LURCHED CRABLY AS THE BLOOD CRASHED HER SON AND THE PRIVATEER CREW LEAPED ABOARD, LED BY THEIR SHRIeking CAPTAIN...



AT 'EM, BOYS! FIFTY PIGGIES OF EIGHT TO THE MAN WHO HOISTS OUR COLORS ON THE MAINMAST...

THE SHOUTS, THE CURSES, THE HELING AND SCREAMING, THE SHRIKES OF THE HAULED AND DYING RENT THE AIR, MUSKETS AND PISTOLS EMPLOYED INTO GULVERING FLESH, SLASHING, CRISHING RAPIDS AND DREDS AND CUTGLASSES FOUNDED THEIR MARKS. THE DECKS SURGED WITH THE VIOLENCE OF COMBAT WITH NO QUARTER GIVEN.



AND THEN IT WAS OVER. AS SUDDENLY AS IT HAD BEGUN, CAPTAIN BALLARD JAMES HAD WON HIS FIRST PRIZE IN A BATH OF BLOOD. CRISING, COWERING MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN WERE HERDED ON DECK...



STRIP 'EM OF THEIR JEWELRY AND VALUABLES! SOME OF YOU GO BELOW AND START TRANSFERRING THE CARGO!

AYE, CAPT'N!

THE PRIZE: TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS, FOUR HUNDRED BAGS OF INDIGO, FIFTY CASKS OF WINE, GOLD AND SILVER PLATE, JEWELRY AND CLOTHING. CAPTAIN JAMES SAT ALONE IN HIS CABIN, HOURS LATER, A MUCH SATISFIED MAN...



WITH LUCK LIKE THIS, MY FORTUNE SHALL BE MADE IN A FEW SHORT WEEKS.

BUT CAPTAIN JAMES'S LUCK DID NOT HOLD OUT. TWO WEEKS WENT BY WITH NO SIGN OF ANOTHER SPANISH SHIP. THE MEN GREW RESTLESS, AND THEN, ON THE MORNING OF THE FIFTEENTH DAY,



FRENCH BRIGANTINE... OFF THE LARGARD SIDE, CAPT'N!

WE'LL TAKE HER! SHE'S UP TO HER GUNNERS WITH CARGO. LOOK AT THE WAY SHE'S BELABORING!

OUT, CAPT'N! SHE'S A FRENCH VESSEL! YOUR LETTER OF MARQUE DISTINCTLY SAYS...

BLAST MY LETTER OF MARQUE! WE CAN SAIL THESE WATERS FOR MONTHS AND NOT SEE ANOTHER SPANISH GALLEON. I WANT THAT CARGO! ALL HANDS ON DECK... PREPARE TO BOARD SHIP...



THE SLOOP CLOSED IN, GUNS ROARING, SAILS FULL ON MAST. THE CANNONS OF THE BRIGANTINE SPOKE OUT IN PROTEST. HAMING, NUMBING, BUT NOT STOPPING THE EAGER CAPTAIN JAMES.



DECK HOOKS ENSNARED THE FRENCH VESSEL. SCREAMING FORMS SWUNG ACROSS LATEEN SAILS. VOLLEY AFTER VOLLEY POURED FROM DECK TO DECK, BLOOD AND BRAINS, FLESH AND BONE SPATTERED THE BOARDS, AND OVER IT ALL CURSING AND SHOUTING, WAS A TRANSFIXED CAPTAIN JAMES.



TAKE NO ONE ALIVE! KILL 'EM ALL!

MOMENTS LATER... SILENCE... BROKEN ONLY BY THE WHIMPERS OF THE WOUNDED. THE FRENCH CAPTAIN FASED HIS CONQUERER...



YOU HAVE COMMITTED AN ACT OF PIRACY, HONNEUR! WE ARE ALLIES... NOT ENEMIES! WE ARE...
SILENCE, IDIOT! I HAVE NO ALLIES!
ONE WAY WAS TO PUBLICLY PROCLAIM HIMSELF A PIRATE. BUT THAT WOULD MEAN MAKING HIMSELF AND HIS SHIP VULNERABLE TO THE MIGHTY MAN-OF-WARS OF EVERY POWER. INSTEAD OF JUST THE SHIPS OF THE LINE OF SPAIN. THE OTHER WAY, HOWEVER, WAS TO PLUNDER VESSEL AFTER VESSEL OF ALL NATIONS AND STORE THEIR TREASURES IN SOME HIDDEN COVE, SHARING ONLY MINOR BOOTY NOW AND THEN FOR APPEARANCES SAKE. CAPTAIN JAMES CHOSE THE LATTER ALTERNATIVE...



STAND BY TO GRAPPLE WITH 'EM, N'BUCKS! PISTOLS PRIMED! DIRKS IN HAND! LET'S GO
AND AS CAPTAIN JAMES LEARNED HIS TRADE AS LINE, BRUTE, KILLER OF MEN, HE ALSO LEARNED THAT A GOOD CAPTAIN ENTERTAINED HIS CREW...



PISS OUT THE JUNK! HOLD THERE! REMEMBER BUCK! LET'S SEE HOW BRAVE THEY ARE. HAND THIS ONE FROM THE FARD ARM BY HIS THUMB...

LATER, IN HIS CABIN, CAPTAIN BALLARD JAMES TOTALLED HIS LATEST PRIZE AND MUSED...



OUTWARDLY, I AM STILL A PRIVATEER. OUTWARDLY, I MUST STILL SHARE MY BOOTY WITH THOSE STUPID FOOLS WHO GAVE ME MY COMMISSION. BUT THERE ARE WAYS I CAN GET AROUND THIS. MANY WAYS!

AND SO, FROM PRIVATEER TO PIRATE... FROM PIRATE TO PRIVATEER, DEPENDING UPON NATIONALITY OF TARGETS... CAPTAIN BALLARD JAMES CARRIED ON HIS CAREER OF DUPLOITY, DECEIT, RAFFINE, AND MURDER. BARKS, FRIGATES, SCHOONERS, WHALERS, PIRATES... ANY AND EVERY SHIP HE COULD BOARD FELL EASY PREY TO HIS VIOLENCE AND TREACHERY...



TAKE WHATEVER THEY HAVE IN THE HOLD, MEN... AND KILL EVERY LAST MAN ON BOARD...

CUTTING OFF EARS AND HANDS... CUTTING TONGUES... BRANDING... IMPALING... FLOODING... QUARTERING WERE ARTS TO BE LEARNED. AND BALLARD JAMES SOON BECAME A MASTER AT THESE...



MOVE, YOU SCURRY RAT. WALK THE PLANK OR GET A BALL THROUGH YOUR HEAD...

GRADUALLY, THE EDUCATION OF CAPTAIN JAMES PROGRESSSED. HE LEARNED THE ART OF INCREASED MONETARY RETURN. BUCKEN OR BRED HIDES OF FARM ANIMALS FOR DUTCH GUILDERS, FRENCH LOUIS D'OR, ITALIAN PIASTERS, ENGLISH GUINEAS... POUNDS FOR GREAS... WOMEN AND SLAVES FOR IVORY AND GOLD... GOLD FOR PARTS...



HE RAIDED ONE COASTAL TOWN AFTER ANOTHER, PUTTING THEIR INHABITANTS UNDER RANSOM, PILLAGING, BURNING, BOWING.



ON SOME DESERTED SHORE, THE WEALTH OF SACKED TOWNS AND PIRATED SHIPS WAS HIDDEN.



FROM THE DOCKS OF TORTUGA, THE PIRATE STRONGHOLD WHERE FLESH WAS REDEED AT HIGH PRICES... FROM THE ANTILLES TO MASSACHUSETTS... FROM THE CAROLINA AND VIRGINIA COASTS TO THE CARIBBEAN, BALLARD JAMES LEARNED HIS TRADE...



HIS GOLDEN BOOTY FILLED HIGHER AND HIGHER COPPERS BULGED WITH GEMS AND COINS... CHESTS STRAINED WITH GOLD AND SILVER... HIS HOLD WAS FILLED TO THE BRIM.



AND LITTLE BY LITTLE, THE THIN LINE BETWEEN PIRATE AND PRIVATEER GRADUALLY VANISHED UNTIL, ONE NIGHT, ROWING QUIETLY TOWARD A BRITISH MAN-OF-WAR LYING IN NEW YORK BAY.



...CAPTAIN JAMES ATTACKED A SHIP OF THE VERY GOVERNMENT THAT HAD COMMISSIONED HIM. WITH SURPRISE ON THEIR SIDE, JAMES AND HIS CUT-THROAT CREW HOSTILELY PUT AN END TO ALL OPPOSITION, FACING THE BRITISH MAN-OF-WAR'S OFFICERS, THE TRIUMPHANT FREEBOATER FAIRLY PUFFED WITH PRIDE.

I RECOGNIZE YOU, JAMES! YOUR TREASONRY WILL BECOME PUBLIC NOTICE. YOU HAVE VIOLATED YOUR RIGHTS AS A PRIVATEER AND TURNED ON YOUR ALLEGIANCE.

YOU BREAK THE FAITH, CAPTAIN! BUT NEITHER YOU... NOR ANY MAN ABOARD THIS SHIP... WILL LIVE TO PROVE IT!



THE CAPTAIN OF THE BRITISH MAN-OF-WAR WAS DROWNED... HIS OFFICERS BAKED OVER HOT COALS... AND THE REMAINING SAILORS WERE BURNED ALIVE AS JAMES AND HIS MEN FIRED THE SHIP.



SHE MAKES A FINE TORCH, CAPT!

LISTEN TO THEIR SCREAMS...

BUT TO DO JUSTICE TO MY STATUS, I HAVE YET TO CAPTURE MERCHANT SHIPS! THEN MY CAREER WILL BE COMPLETE AND I CAN RETIRE AND LIVE LAZILY FOR THE REST OF MY LIFE.



KEEL HANE HIM, LADS! LET THE BARRAGLES AND SALT-WATER SLASH SOME OF HIS RIGHTEDNESS AWAY. IF HE STILL REMAINS ALIVE AFTER THAT... HANG HIM.

HOT ON, LORD...

PUT A NOOSE ON HIM, BOYS...



BUT THE EDUCATION OF CAPTAIN JAMES WAS NOT YET FINISHED. THERE REMAINED BUT TWO MORE DETAILS TO BE LEARNED IN HIS CURRICULUM OF MURDER, ONE OF WHICH WAS DEFTLY REHEARSED BEFORE A FULL LENGTH MIRROR...



NO-H! BLACKBARD'S OWN CALICO CLOTHES! MORGAN'S PISTOLS! JINGLOSE'S SHIRT! I NOW HAVE THE COMPOSITE ATTIRE THAT BEFITS MY STATUS AS A CONQUEROR...

SO, ONE FOOTY DAY OFF THE COAST OF CUBA, THREE SMALL MERCHANT VESSELS WERE DOWN DOWN UPON BY CAPTAIN JAMES'S SLOOP...



THESE ARE PLUMS TO BE PLEDGED, LADS... WITH RO CANS OF CANNON TO DEFT US...

THE CONFIDENT CAPTAIN WAITED UNTIL HIS SLOOP WAS WITHIN HAIL OF THE MERCHANT SHIPS. THEN HE LIFTED HIS SPEAKING TRUMPET AND BELLOWED...



THE THREE "MERCHANT SHIPS" CLOSED IN, SURROUNDING THE SLOOP. GRAPESHOT AND IRON MISSILES TORE ACROSS HER DECKS INTO GURGERING FLESH. HEAVY CANNONADES LOOSED SIGNS, SENDING SPLINTERED MASTS DOWN UPON HER CROWD... CRUSHING SKULLS... MAIMING LIMBS. SCREAMING MEN SWUNG DOWN FROM ALL SIDES UPON THE BOXED IN RAIDER WITH KNIVES AND CUTLASSES THAT WERE QUICKLY STAINED RED WITH BLOOD AND GORE...



AND AS CAPTAIN BALLARD JAMES FELL UPON THE CRIMSON STAINED DECK OF HIS SLOOP WITH A CUTFLASS BURIED DEEP IN HIS CHEST, HE LOOKED UP AT THE MASTHEADS OF THE MERCHANT SHIPS THAT HAD BAILED AND TRAPPED HIM.



HIS ANSWER CAME SAVAGELY, AS LOADED AND PRIMED CANNON WERE QUICKLY UNCOVERED AND BELCHING FORTH SMOKE AND SHOT FROM THE MERCHANT VESSELS...



...AND HE SAW THE WHITE GRINNING SKULLS AND THE CROSSED BONES ON THE BLACK FIELDS OF THE FLAGS THAT HAD BEEN RUN UP...



AND CAPTAIN BALLARD JAMES' EDUCATION WAS COMPLETED

THE END

E.C. WENT TO SEA IN SEARCH OF ANOTHER NEW TREND...



AND WE CAME UP WITH...
SAGAS OF THE SEA, SHIPS, PLUNDER AND...

PIRACY

**NOW YOU SEARCH
FOR IT!**

BUT IF YOU *CAN'T FIND PIRACY*
AT YOUR LOCAL NEWSSTAND, YOU
CAN *SUBSCRIBE!* JUST FILL OUT
THE COUPON AND MAIL, TOGETHER
WITH *ONE HUNDRED PIECES OF
CENT* (THAT'S ONE BUCK, LAND-
LUBBERS!), TO:

THE SEARCH EDITORS OF
PIRACY
ROOM 704
125 LAFAYETTE STREET
N.Y.C. 12, N.Y.

OHAY, BLAZE BATS! YOU SHANGHAIED WE!
I ENCLOSE \$1.00 FOR THE NEXT EIGHT ISSUES
OF *PIRACY!*

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY

STATE JUNE 1961

The MUTINEERS

THE NAME'S O'HARA...FRANK O'HARA, AND THE SHIP WAS THE CLIPPER LORNA J. I REMEMBER HER LYIN' OFF BALTIMORE THE DAY I SIGNED ON HER AS FIRST MATE. SHE WAS TALL AND PROUD WITH HER THREE REGIN' MASTS AND HER TRIM LINES GAVN' HER THE LOOK OF MOVEMENT EVEN THOUGH SHE LAY AT MOORING. I REMEMBER, TOO, WHEN WE LIFTED ANCHOR ON THE 20TH OF SEPTEMBER, 1854, HOW SHE TOOK THE WIND IN HER MILLOWN' SHEETS AND CLOSD LINE A FULL-BOSSED WARDEN THROUGH THE BAY AND OUT TO SEA. AYE, AND I REMEMBER HER BOSSER, CAPT. MATHEW ROLLARD...A BRUTE OF A MAN IN EVERY WAY...SQUAD AND SOLD, WITH CRUEL, GIMLET EYES SET IN A LEATHERY FACE THAT NEVER SMILES. YOU COULD SERVE IN HIM A STORM BELOW THE SURFACE, AND ALL HANDS ABOARD WAD SATCHERED TO SEE IT BREAK IN FIERCE PUFF THAT DAY SOON AFTER WE'D LOST THE TRADE WINDS AND DRIFTED BEYONDED IN THE STEAMING HEAT OF THE TROPIC OCEAN.



CAPTAIN BOLLARD HELD OUT THE CAT-O-NINE TAILS, BUT I COULD NOT TAKE IT FROM HIS HAND. HIS BULL NECK SHOWED RED THROUGH HIS WEATHER-BEATEN HIDE...



RIGGS' KNEES GAVE AND A SHARP SCREAM CAME FROM HIS LIPS



I TOOK THE LAD AND SHOOK HIM AND SPOKE HARSHLY, THOUGH MY HEART WASN'T IN IT...



GO TO YOUR QUARTERS, MR. O'HARA. I'LL DEAL WITH YOU LATER!



HE PASSED OUT WITH THE FIFTH LASH, LEAVING A LIMP FROM THE BASH. BUT THE CAPTAIN WENT ON FLOGGING HIM



CAPTAIN BOLLARD SENT FOR ME LATER. HE STOOD THERE, HANDS CLASPED BEHIND HIS BACK, HIS EYES BURNING...

DISCIPLINE, MR. O'HARA! ABOARD MY SHIP I'LL HAVE DISCIPLINE! I GIVE THE ORDERS AND I'LL NOT TOLERATE INSUBORDINATION BY ANY OFFICER. DO I MAKE MYSELF CLEAR?



AS I STRODE AFT, I HEARD A SOUND LIKE A CRACK OF A PISTOL. CAPTAIN BOLLARD HIMSELF WAS PUTTING THE LASH TO JERK RIGGS' BACK...



I SWALLOWED MY BILE AND HEADED DOWN THE COMPARTMENT, UNABLE TO WATCH ANY MORE. I NEARLY FELL OVER SCOTTY, THE CABIN BOY



DISCIPLINE, O'HARA AND HERE'S A TASTE OF IT! YOU'LL TAKE FORTY EIGHT HOURS MARCH WITH NO RELIEF! THAT'S ALL!



I WANTED TO SEE HOW AMAN RIGG WAS, SO I MADE MY WAY TO THE FO'CASTLE, A STEELING STENCH MET ME AS I ENTERED... THE STENCH OF MILDEN AND ROT AND MEN'S SWEAT AND BREATH. RIGG LAY FACE-DOWN ON HIS HAMMOCK, WHITHING... HIS BACK A MASS OF RAW AND LIVID FLESH. BUT THE CREW WAS IGNORING HIS MOANS. THEY'D BACKED BOOTH RATCLIFFE UP AGAINST A BULKHEAD, AND A GIANT OF A MAN NAMED ANDERS WAS THREATENING HIM WITH A KNIFE...



I SHOOK RATCLIFFE OUT INTO THE PASSAGE AND TURNED TO WARN THE MEN...



I MADE FOR THE DECK, RATCLIFFE TAGGIN' ALONG AT MY HEEL, WHINNIN'.



THOSE TWO NIGHTS WERE LITTLE BETTER THAN THE DAYS. THE STORED UP HEAT FROM THE DECK HAD ME SWIMMIN' IN MY OWN SWEAT. I HAD NO VITTLES OR DRINK SAVE WHAT TANG SCOTTY SNUBBLED TO ME AFTER DARK...



I STEPPED IN FAST, TWISTIN' ANDERS' ARM UP AND BEHIND TILL HE DROPPED THE KNIFE. BOOTH RATCLIFFE WAS WHIMPERING LIKE A WHIPPED DOG...



I STOOD MY FORTY-EIGHT HOURS WATCH WHILE A BROILIN' SUN BEAT DOWN ON ME WITHOUT MERCY. I CURSED CAPT'N BOLLARD AND YET I TOLD MYSELF HE WAS RIGHT... A CREW WITHOUT DISCIPLINE WAS OPEN TO **MUTINY**...



WHAT I SAID THEN MADE HIM BREAK INTO A GRIN THAT ALL BUT OUTSHONE THE MOON OVERHEAD...



ON THE SECOND NIGHT, FROM THE QUARTERDECK, I SAW SHADY FIGURES Huddled AFT, NEAR THE STARBOARD GUNNEL.



SOMEHOW, I COULD FEEL THE SPIRIT OF TROUBLE IN THE AIR. AND YET, WHEN I APPROACHED THE MEN, THERE WAS NO HOSTILITY IN THE WAY THEY LOOKED AT ME...

FOUR DAYS WITH-
OUT A BREATH
O' WIND STIRRED...
IT'S BAD ON A
MAN'S TEMPER,
ELLARS?

AYE, SIR...
ON ALL TEMPER,
A MAN OUGHT TO
BE CONSIDERIN'
THAT BEFORE HE
TAKES TO FLOGGIN'

DON'T SET YOUR
MINDS TOO MUCH
AGIN' THE SKIP-
PER. HE KNOWS
THE SEA AND HE
KNOWS MEN. THEY
GET RESTLESS
IN A CALM LIKE
THIS!

HE WAS JUST
TALKIN' ABOUT
THAT, SIR!
THERE'S OFTEN
A CALM
BEFORE A
STORM!

THE STORM HE WARNED OF WAS
MUTINY. THE SET GRIM LOOKS ON
THE MEN'S FACES MADE THAT CLEAR.
I WAS MULLIN' OVER THE THREAT
AS I MOVED BACK TO THE QUARTER-
DECK WHEN I SAW RATCLIFFE. HE
WAS COMIN' DOWN THE POWTIDE
RIGGIN' TO THE AFTERDECK...

THAT BLACKHEARTED TROUBLE-
MAKER! HE MUST'VE BEEN LISTIN'
OF THERE, HEARIN' EVERY WORD
THEY SAID...

I HURRIED TO THE COMPANIONWAY, ITSEEMIN' TO
LEARN IF RATCLIFFE WOULD CARRY HIS TALK TO
THE SKIPPER. MY ANSWER CAME QUICK. THE BOON
WAS SCURRYIN' ALONG AFTER CAPTAIN DOLLARD,
WHOSE EYES GLOWED LIKE LIVE COALS WHEN HE
SAW ME...

MR. O'HARRA...

AYE, SIR...

BEFORE THE CAPTAIN COULD REACH ME, A BREEZE STARTED UP,
AND IN SECONDS, A STIFF WIND WHISTLED THROUGH THE RIGGIN'.
SAILS THAT HAD HUNG LIMP FOR DAYS SWELLED INTO
LIFE. I BELIEVED ORDERS AS THE LORNA & LEAPED AHEAD
AND THE CREW SPRANG INTO ACTION...

ALL HANDS ON DECK! SET ME, YOU SEA-
GOIN' MONKEYS! CLEW UP THE TOP-SAILS!
IN THE STUDDING-BAILS! LAY ALOFT AND
FURL...

THE CAPTAIN'S VOICE CAME FROM TOWARD ME, ROUNDER ABOVE
THE CREW'S WHIMS. I WHEELED, ED AND CLARKE AT HIM...

AWAY, YOU MULLET-HEADED
LUNNERS! COME DOWN OUTIN'
THAT RIGGIN'! MAKE FAST THOSE
HALYARDS! LET NO MAN
TOUCH A SHEET!

IT'S A
NOR'EASTER,
CAPTAIN! WE CAN'T
RIDE IT WITH ALL
THAT SAIL!

THE SAIL STAYS AS IS,
MR. O'HARRA, THIS AIGHT.
MY CREW'LL HAVE OTHER
THINGS TO THINK ABOUT
BEIDES MUTINY!

TOWARD, AYE,
BUT IT'S TOMORROW
I'M CONSIDERIN',
CAPTAIN DOLLARD!

IT WASN'T LONG BEFORE A HURRICANE WAS SCREAMIN' ALL AROUND US. THE MASTS GROANED AS GALE-BLOWN CANVAS FOUGHT TO TEAR LOOSE, STRAININ' AT EVERY STITCH. MOUNTAINOUS WAVES LIFTED THE LORNA J. AND CRASHED HER INTO CHURNIN' TROUBLS. THEN SHE'D KNIFE THROUGH SHELLS THAT'D WASH HER TO THE SECOND MAINMAST SPAR.



SHE WAS A TOY SHIP BORN IN A WAST SEA OF VIOLENCE.

AFTER I'D LASHED JACK TO THE HELM AND DROPPED A SEA ANCHOR TO CUT OUR DRIFT, I NOTICED THE KID, SCOTTY, STUMBLIN' ON DECK, HOLDIN' TWO JUGS, FIGHTIN' TO STAND UP AGAINST THE NINETY-MILE WIND. I RAN ON TO A BELAYIN' PIN IN THE GUNNEL AND WRAPPED MY FREE ARM AROUND HIS WAIST.



WHY'RE YOU DOWN UP HERE, YOU LITTLE FOOL? GET BELOW!

I WAS JUST TAKIN' THE MEN SOME HOT BROS, SIR.

BY SIX BELLS THE NEXT MORNIN', THE STORM HAD RAGED BY, BUT THERE WAS STILL A FAIR WIND FROM THE NORTHEAST. THE LORNA J'D HAD A HARD NIGHT. ALL HER SHEETS BASHED, SOME SWINGING ON TEEM AWAY. THE CAPT'N LOOKED FROM THE MAINDECK TO THE EXHAUSTED CREW ON THE LITTERED DECK.



GET INTO THE HIGGIN' YOU FELLOW-BELLIED GULLS. YOU'LL MEND THOSE SAILS ALOFT!

THOSE MEN HAVE FOUGHT THE SEA ALL NIGHT, SIR. THEY'RE SPENT! THE MENDIN' CAN BE DONE ON DECK, A FEW SHEETS AT A TIME...

THE CAPT'N TURNED TO ME, PURPLE WITH RAGE:

WE'LL NOT LOWER ONE INCH OF SAIL, MR. O'HARA. I'LL NOT SPARE ONE MOMENT'S HEADWAY BOLYHEIN' MY CARGO TO MILAY, AND WHILE I'M MASTER OF THIS SHIP, EVERY JACK'LL WORK WHATEV' WHERE, AND HOW I SAY!



THE STORM'D TORN AWAY ALL OUR LIFE-BOATS SAVE THE LONGBOAT. AT EIGHT BELLS, WHILE I WAS INSPECTIN' DAMAGE AND KODDIN' AN EYE ON THE TIRED MEN ALOFT, WORRYIN' ABOUT THE GOORCHIN' SUN BARPIN' WHAT LITTLE STRENGTH THEY HAD LEFT, I HEARD A SCREAM



A MAN HUNTL'D DECKWARD, HITTING A MIDSHIP WITH A BICKERING, CLUNCH-ING SOUND. THE OTHERS CLIMBED DOWN FROM ALOFT AND BATHERED AROUND HIS BROKEN, LIFELESS BODY.



ANDERS LOOKED AT ME GRIMLY.
TELL THE CAPT'N WE *AIN'T* GOIN'
ALOFT AGAIN, O'HARA. NOT TILL
WE GET SOME *REST*! TELL 'EM
YANK ANDERS SAID WE *AIN'T*!



THE CREW GRUMBLED AND WENT BACK
TO THEIR SAIL MENDING. WHEN THE
CAPT'N HAD SOME SLEEP, I CARRIED
ANDERS TO THE FORECASTLE. I FOUND
YOUNG SCOTTY IN HIS HAMMOCK,
BURNIN' WITH FEVER...

NEXT TIME THERE'S A STORM, LAD, STAY
BELOW WHERE YOU BELONG!
IT'LL BE GOOD
AS NEW BY
MORNING, SIN'
YOU'LL SEE.



I SAW DUNCAN ON THAT NIGHT. I LOOKED INTO THE
FACES OF THE CREW AND I SAW STORM CLOUDS IN
THEIR EYES. I SAW THE HAZE OF FEAR IN THEIR MINDS.
I SPOKE TO THE CAPT'N ABOUT IT...

YOU CAN'T GET AWAY WITH
EIGHTEENTH CENTURY
TREATMENT THESE DAYS.
CAPT'N! THERE'S PROUBLE
BROKEN!
DO YOU THINK I *FEAR*
THAT SCOTTY LOT, O'HARA?
I'M MASTER OF THIS
SHIP AND I'LL RUN IT
MY WAY!



FOR HIS NOTICIOUS TALK, YANK ANDERS GOT TWO OCEAN LASHES BY CAPTAIN
BOLLARD'S OWN HAND. HIS BACK WAS A SWOLLEN MASS OF BLOOD-RED RAW
WELTS AND WHEN I STEPPED FORWARD TO HELP HIM BELOW, THE CAPTAIN
GROWLED.



LET HIM STAND ON HIS OWN. Y'HEAR, O'HARA?
LEAVE HIM BE' AND IF THERE'S ANY MORE
O'YU BLOOD-PATS UNWILLIN' TO RETURN TO
THE HISSIN', LET 'EM STEP FORWARD...

WE RAN AFOL OF MORE TREACH-
EROUS WEATHER ROUND'N' CAME
HORN, BUT THE OLD GUY TOOK IT
IN HER STRIDE. NOT SO CAPT'N BOL-
LARD. HIS TEMPER WORSTENED WITH
EACH PASSIN' DAY. HE BASHED IN
JOCK MACGRUBBER'S TERTH WITH A
BELAYIN' PIN.

NEXT TIME YOU'RE
TOLD TO HIT THE
DECK YOU'LL
BOOK. COME
A-RUNNIN'!



HE SEEMED TO TAKE PLEASURE IN
METIN' OUT PUNISHMENT. I REMEM-
BER WHEN WE'D REACHED THE SOUTH
PACIFIC, LATITUDE 47°30', LONGITUDE
120°10'. BOLLARD HELD HIS PISTOL
ON THE MEN AND FORCED THEM TO
KNEELH AUNT DUNCAN FOR CURSE
OUT RATCLIFFE.

GOOD LORD, CHOK! EVERY BIT
OF SKIN SCALPED FROM HIS FACE
AND BODY BY THE *SABWACLES*...



BOLLARD WAS INTERRUPTED BY THE SOUND OF AERY
VOICES FROM THE MAIN DECK. HE THREW OPEN A SEA
CHEST, SMASHED A PISTOL, AND CALLED BACK TO ME AS
HE DASHED TOWARD THE CABIN BOAT.

PEOPLE FIND A PISTOL AND
AMMUNITION IN THAT CHEST,
O'HARA? IF IT'S TROUBLE
THEY WANT, WE'LL *BAKE* IT
TO 'EM
THE MEN HAVE NO
GUNS, SHIT I... I
PREFER MY FISTS.



THE CAPTAIN, SECOND MATE CALDWELL, RATCLIFFE, MYSELF, AND THREE OTHER OFFICERS RACED TO THE QUARTERDECK. IT WAS THE ONLY OFFICER UNARMED. SIXTEEN MEN, LED BY YANK ANDERS, STOOD BELOW US ON THE MAIN DECK, ARMED WITH KNIVES, BELTIN' PINS, AND ANY OTHER WEAPON THEY COULD FIND. CAPTAIN BOLLARD TOOK OUT HIS TINDERICE...



THEN, THE MAIN-STORM BROKE. THE CREW SURGED FORWARD, SCRAMBLIN' INTO THE QUARTERDECK. PISTOLS CRACKED, AND RIFLES ROARED, AND WICH SCREAMED AS FACES WERE SHOT AWAY, AND KNIVES POUNED THEIR SOFT BELLY-MAINS, AND BELTIN' PINS CRUSHED SKULLS AND SPILLED BRAINS UPON THE HATCHES...



I SAW MACGRUDER FITCH OVER THE SIDE, A RIFLE BALL IN HIS BELLY. I SAW CALDWELL'S HEAD LAID OPEN WITH A CAPSTAN BAR. I SAW CAPTAIN BOLLARD SWINGIN' HIS RIFLE BOTT LIKE A MAMMOTH WILD. AND THEN I SAW ANDERS, IN FRONT OF ME AND I LASHED OUT SKRISSELY...



NOT A MAN MOVED. THEY JUST LOOKED AT THE CAPTAIN, THEIR EYES SHOULDERIN' WITH HATE. WHEN THE TIME WAS UP, BOLLARD POINTED THE RIFLE AND SQUEEZED THE TRIGGER. THE SHOT WAS MEANT FOR ANDERS, BUT IT MISSED HIM, PUTTING A HOLE CLEAN IN THE CENTER OF JUAN ROD'S FOREHEAD...



ROD SMILED, THEN DROPPED TO THE DECK... DEAD...

I SAW ANDERS AND THREE OTHER MEN GRAB ROD'S RATCLIFFE. ONE MINUTE HE WAS SCREAMING AS THEY PUT A KNIFE TO HIS THROAT...



WHEN ANDERS WENT DOWN THE CREW SEEMED TO LOSE THEIR SPIRIT. THEY BACKED OFF, NURSING THEIR WOUNDS. I LOOKED AROUND THE BLOODY DECK. CAPTAIN BOLLARD HAD YOUNG SCOTTY BY HIS COLLAR... AND RIFLE AT THE BOY'S HEAD...



CAPTAIN DOLLARD AND I WERE THE ONLY OFFICERS LEFT ALIVE... CAPTAIN DOLLARD SNEEZED...

WELL, WE'LL LET HIM DOOL OFF FOR A WHILE... IN THE CROWN'S NEST! HE'LL STAND WATCH TONIGHT!

GET ALOFT YOU LITTLE MANDER-RAT...

CAPTAIN! HAVE PITY ON THE BOY! HE...



I PICKED UP HIS PITFULLY BROKEN BODY AND CARRIED IT BELOW. SCOTTY OPENED HIS EYES JUST ONCE BEFORE HE DIED.

E. I ALMOST MADE IT... SIR...



THE ISLAND WENT BY GOLD AND GREEN AND BEAUTIFUL ON THE DAWN HORIZON... AN UNCHAINED FREEDOM OF TAN-SKINNED NATIVES WITH FLASHING SMILES. CAPTAIN DOLLARD NEVER HEARD THE LONG-BOAT LOWER AWAY...



EASY MEN? EASY...

LOOSE THE CAJ STAIN?

THE CAPTAIN POINTED HIS RIFLE AT ME, BACKING ME OFF, FORCING ME TO WATCH SCOTTY TAKE TO THE WIGGINS. SOMETHING HE'D NEVER DONE IN HIS LIFE...



STAND OFF, OHARRA! THIS IS MY SHIP... AND I'LL RUN IT MY WAY! GO ON, GOAT HIGHER... ALL THE WAY!

THE BOY HAD ALMOST REACHED THE CROWN'S NEST WHEN HE'D SLIPPED... AND HIS FEWER-WEAKENED GRIP'D LET GO. HE CAME DOWN WITHOUT A SOUND...



THE CREW GATHERED AROUND ME... THE MUTINEERS... THE MEN I'D JUST FOUGHT AGAINST. THEY LOOKED DOWN AT DEAD SCOTTY AND THEN AT ME. AND I WHISPERED...

HE WANTS TO RUN THE SHIP HIS WAY? ALL RIGHT... LET'S GIVE IT TO HIM...



WE LEFT HIM! WE LEFT CAPTAIN DOLLARD WITH HIS SHIP IN FULL SAIL AND MURDER AN ANCHOR! IT WAS OUR SINGING THAT BROUGHT HIM UP ON DECK... OUR SINGING AS WE RAILED FOR THE ISLAND'S BLUE LAGOON, HE WAS ALONE... ALONE ON A FOLL-POPPED GLASSER SHIP, SWIMMING WESTWARD WHERE BLACK OMINOUS STORM CLOUDS THREATENED...



COME BACK! OH, LORD... COME BACK!

THE END

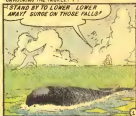
HARPOONED

YOU WILL NEVER FORGET THAT GRIM OCTOBER MORNING 1854 WHEN THE GROWING TENSION AND HATRED YOU'D WITNESSED FOR 187 DAYS FINALLY EXPLODED IN A SCREAMING CLIMAX. YOU'D BARNED ON THE WHALING BARK *JEAN DODGE* AS A GREEN FORE-MAST-HAND AT THE USUAL "LAT" IN APRIL OF THAT YEAR, AND EVEN SINCE THAT FRODO SPOORS-RIGGED VESSEL'D SLIDED OUT OF NEW BEDFORD HARBOR, YOU'D SENSED THE FIRST MATE'S INTENSE JEALOUSY OF THE CAPTAIN. FEW WHALES HAD BEEN HAINED AND "TRIED-OUT" AND THE HOLD CASKS HAD BEEN BARELY HALF-FILLED WITH SPERM OIL. MARTIN ECKSON, THE FIRST MATE, HAD PLANTED THE SEEDS OF DISCONTENT AMONG THE FO'CASTLE HANDS BY BLAMING THE LONG UNPRODUCTIVE VOYAGE UPON THE INCOMPETENCY OF YOUR CAPTAIN, MATHEW STORM, AND THE CREW WAS WELL AWARE THAT THE *JEAN DODGE* WOULD NOT TURN HOMEWARD UNTIL ITS STORAGE VATS WERE FILLED. THEN, ON THAT FATAL OCTOBER MORN', THE CRY CAME FROM MASTHEAD. . .

THE CAPTAIN RUSHED UP THE COMPASSWAY FROM THE AFT CABIN, SHOUTING ALOFT. . .



THE WHALE'S "BLOND" ON SPOT, WAS SOON VISIBLE TO THE WELL-TIMMED EYE OF THE CAPTAIN FROM HIS POSITION ON THE BARK'S QUARTER-DECK. MEANWHILE, THE BOAT-STEERERS AND MATES HAD LEAPED INTO THEIR WHALEBOATS, SUSPENDED FROM THE BAITS ON THE BARK'S SIDES, AND WERE PRACTICALLY UNHOOKING THE TACKLE. . .



THE CRANES WERE DRIVEN FROM UNDER THE KEELS OF THE LONG-BOATS, THE BLOCKS CREAKED, AND THE BOATS DROPPED SWIFTLY AND SMOOTHLY TO THE SURFACE BELOW. AT THE CAPTAIN'S NEXT COMMAND, YOU CLIMBED TO THE SURWALL AND SLID DOWN THE LINES ALONG WITH THE OTHERS OF YOUR BOAT CREW...



FOLLOW THE BOATS DOWN! STEP THE MAST AND HOIST SAILS! PREPARE TO CAST OFF!

THE MATE, ERICSON, WAS IN COMMAND OF THE LARBARD WHALEBOAT TO WHICH YOU'D BEEN ASSIGNED. HE SAT ON THE DECAYED-OVER STERN, BRAWLING ORDERS...



HOIST THE JIB! HOIST THE MAINSAIL! PREPARE TO CAST OFF! MR. ERICSON!

IT WAS THE CAPTAIN. HE CLIMBED OVER THE GUNWALE, CALLING DOWN:



HOLD ON, MR. ERICSON! I'M COMING ALONG! WE NEED THIS WHALE!

THE CAPTAIN SLID DOWN THE LINES AND SEATED HIMSELF ON THE AFTER THWART.



CAST OFF, MR. ERICSON!

CAST OFF!

YOU SAW THE FIRST MATE'S FACE FLUSH *BEEF* RED AT THIS PARE TURN OF EVENTS. THE CAPTAIN HIMSELF JOINING THE WHALE HUNT YOU *KNEW* ERICSON WAS INTERPRETING THE ACTION AS AN *OBVIOUS* INSULT TO HIS ABILITY! YOU SAW HIS KNUCKLES TURN ASH WHITE AS HE GRIPPED THE TILLER...



'TIS A GREAT BULL SPERM, MATE! SEE HER BLOW!

AYE, SIR...

IN THE STEM, YOU WATCHED THE BOAT-HEADER, OR HARPOONER, CHECKING HIS NEEDLE SHARP "IRON" BETWEEN THE TWO AFTER THWARFS. LAY THE TUBS WITH THE COILED MANILA WHALE LINE. HE TURNED TO YOU, SATISFIED WITH THE STRAPPISS AND HOOKED...



ALL RIGHT, SON, PASS THE LINE BACK TO THE MATE SO'S HE CAN LOOP IT ON THE LOGGERSHEAD.

YES, SIR!

YOU REACHED INTO THE LARGER TUB CONTAINING THE 100 FATHOMS OF COILED ROPE AND PASSED THE END TO THE MATE WHO CIRCLED THE LOGGERSHEAD ON THE STERN DECK WITH IT AND PASSED IT FORWARD...



QUICK TO IT, MATE! WE'RE ALMOST UPON!

THE BOAT-HEADER RECEIVED THE LINE AND FASTENED IT SECURELY TO THE POLE UPON WHICH HIS HARBORON WAS STRAPPED. THEN HE COILED STRAIT INTO THE HEAD OF THE BOAT, BRACED HIS THIGH IN THE "CLIMBY ELEY," AND WHISPERED...



YOU REMEMBER HOW YOU GLIDED SILENTLY DOWN UPON THE MONSTRIOUS HULK, AND THE LOOK THAT CAME INTO THE MATE'S EYES AS HE STARED AT THE BACK OF THE CAPTAIN'S HEAD WITH HATE AND LEATHING...



AND YOU SHIVERED AS YOU THOUGHT OF THOSE NIGHTS IN THE FOGGISTLE WITH THE MATE SPENDING FORTH HIS VENDOROUS CRITICISM OF THE OLD MAN.

HE'LL *KEEP* US ASKA CATIN' MASHOOTY GRAS AND DRINKIN' GREEN, SLIMY WATER TILL HE'S FILLED THEM CABS... AND FER WHAT...?



...SO'S HE CAN LINE HIS *OWN* POCKETTS WITH *HIS* SHARE...

WE ALL GOT A SHARE, DIVISON!



SURE! A *ONE HUNDRED FIFTIETH*. YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'LL END UP WITH WHEN THE ACCOUNTS ARE FIGURED? A *BIG* *IRON* DOLLAR! THINK WHAT YOU OWE 'EM *NOW* FOR YER *SEAL* AND *BEDDOW*!

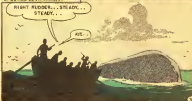


YOU THOUGHT OF THE MATE'S VOICE...

THERE'S BE *MY* SHIP IF ANYTHIN HAPPENED TO *ME*! *MY* SHIP! I'D BE SHIPPER! AND, BY GOD, I'LL SEE TO IT THAT I'M IN COMMAND BY THE TIME WE SEE NEW BEDFORD AGAIN!



AND YOU KNEW THAT THE MATE'S HATRED OF THE OLD MAN WAS JEALOUSY... PURE AND SIMPLE. IT WASN'T FOR HE WAS THINKING OF... ON THE *REST* OF THE CREW, IT WAS HIS BURNING AMBITION TO BE IN *COMMAND*! SO YOU WATCHED WITH REVERENT ANTICIPATION AS YOUR WHOLESOOT HEARD THE SPOWING LEVELTIAN...



IT ALL HAPPENED SO SUDDENLY. AS THE WHALE-BOAT HEAD CAME WITHIN A FEW FEET OF THE GLEAMING BLACK HULK, THE HARPOONER RAISED HIS JON.



THE WHALE SNORTED, SPONTING, AND TOOK OFF! AND AT THAT VERY INSTANT YOU SAW ERICKSON LET GO OF THE TILLER AND YANK BACK ON THE RAPIDLY UNCOILING STRAY, LOOPING IT AROUND THE CAPTAIN'S NECK...



...OVER THE STEM...



...AND INTO THE SEA, OUT AFTER THE SLEIGHING BULL SPERM...

... AND GROVE OFF INTO THE SOFT BLUBBER JUST FORWARD THE WHALE'S HUMP...



YOU WERE HELPLESS TO STOP IT! THE STRAY PAID OUT... THE WHALE WAS OFF ON ITS "HANTUCKET SLEIGH RIDE"... AND THE CAPTAIN WAS BEING GRASSED, SCREAMING, ACROSS THE THROAT...



AND YOU REMEMBER HOW THE MATE GRINNED AS HE TIGHTENED UP ON THE LONGERHEAD LOOP...



THE WHALEBOAT LUNCHED AHEAD, TOWED BY THE POLLING MAMMAL. YOU REMEMBER THE WILD RIDE... THE WHALE SKIPPING ACROSS THE SWELLS, MORTALLY WOUNDED... THE POPE SMOKING AS IT SLIPPED ON THE LOGSHEAD, THE GUNFOUNDED BOAT-HEAD SCREAMING...



YOU REMEMBER WONDERING IF ANY OF THE OTHERS OF THE BOAT CREW HAD SEEN WHAT YOU'D SEEN. YOU REMEMBER THE WHALE FINALLY "TURNING FLERE" AND "SOUNDING"...



SUDDENLY, THE LINE STOPPED PLAYING OUT. SUDDENLY THERE WAS DEAD SILENCE AS THE WHALE STOPPED BOUNCING AND THE BOAT DRIFTED AWAY SILENTLY...



YOU REMEMBER ERICSON'S LAUGH... HIS TRIUMPHANT CAGH... THE WHALE POLLING... THE CAPTAIN'S FLAIL-ING FIBRE BREAKING WATER ONCE OR TWICE... AND YOU SCREAMING...



YOU REMEMBER THE WATE LOGSHEEDING THE LOGSHEAD COIL AND THE LINE LEAPING OUT OF THE BUCKET... SO... SO... SO... SO... SO PATHOS...



YOU WAITED, SEARCHING THE SURFACE OF THE TOSSEING SEA AROUND YOU FOR A SIGN OF THE WHALE. AND IN THE SILENCE, YOU REMEMBERING ERICSON GRABBING YOUR SHOULDER IN A WEE-LIKE GRIP AND WHISPERING...



YOU REMEMBER HIS EYES, GLARING
AT YOU... AND THE SILENCE... THE
WAITING SILENCE...

SUDDENLY, THE HARPOONER
SCREAMED...

LINE'S SLACKED OFF!
SHE'S COMIN' UP!



SHE'S COMIN' UP RIGHT
BELOW US! WE'RE
GONNA BE STOVEN!



YOU REMEMBER THE BOILING SEA AROUND THE BOAT... THE SUDDEN EARTHQUAKE-LIKE SHOCK... THE SPLINTERING
CRASH OF CEDAR WOOD... THE CRAZY SENSATION OF BEING HURLTED THROUGH THE AIR AS THE MONSTER BROKE
SURFACE BELOW YOUR FLIMSY BOAT... LIFTING IT HIGH... SMASHING IT TO SMITHERS...



YOU REMEMBER GOING UP, UP...
AND FINALLY COMING DOWN... HITTING
THE WATER... CLAWING DESPERATELY
FOR SOME PIECE OF WRECKAGE... AND
HEARING THE SHRIEKING

... THE SHRIEKING OF THE FIRST MATE, ERICSON, WHEN HE'D COME
DOWN... IMPALED ON THE HARPOON POLE STICKING OUT OF THE
WHALE'S BACK AS IT SWIMMED AWAY... FREE AT LAST...





THE CHALLENGE

Captain Peter Van Cleef had not found his master on land or sea. And some savage instinct in his soul glared in the chance to match wit, skill, and muscle against nature's fury. He stood on the bridge of his tanker as it battled through the frothy crests of the Indian Ocean on its way to Calcutta, looking down on the grimy crew toiling on the decks below. His jutting grim features lightened into a sinister smile.

"Get that ballast safely secured, you deck scots!" he shouted. The crew didn't look up, bending lower and straining sinews further to pull the knotted ropes around the huge wooden crates piled against the hullwarks. There was no time to hate the Captain, only time to hasten the back-biting pace he had set for them. For the waves were mounting higher, rolling deeper. The sky was darkening. The wind was increasing from a doleful moaning to a high-pitched whine. A dreaded typhoon was on its way. Barometer pressure was rapidly falling, and the furious storm would be upon them in moments.

But Van Cleef was glad, though the wobbled ship listed dangerously and her prow plunged precariously into the sea bringing water to the height of the anchor stocks. Here at last was the chance to experience the power of command, the triumph of knowing he was supreme against all odds—the elevation of man to superman again. And in over-confident conceit, he looked up at the black heavens with contempt, bracing himself for the light.

The ship yawned to port as the wind and waves lashed against her sides. The steersman strained at the wheel trying desperately to hold her steady on course. The deck began to vibrate with the one-sided strain on the engines. Van Cleef grabbed at the helmsman and steadied himself to stare at the compass. He jumped to the telegraph and signaled **FULL SPEED** with the handle. The cone-shaped funnel in the sky, blacker than all the clouds around it, approached the ship. The crew's faces went white with fear! Here was the very heart of the typhoon—the monstrous vacuum that sucked men, cargo, and ship into its maw and devoured it whole, leaving only

pieces of strewn wreckage and oil behind.

Waves coming from the port side broke over the ship as though it were a floating log. It wallowed feebly under the tons of water, coming halfway back to level and then sagged to starboard again. The steersman went berserk with fear.

"Captain—we're breaching! We'll DIE!" Van Cleef hit the terror-stricken man and pushed his inert body away with his feet.

"Back the starboard engine," he called to his First Mate behind him, taking over the wheel. The Mate's hoarse voice gave swift instructions to the engine-room below and Van Cleef waited, well aware that the ship's fuel would be used up in that moment. But he also knew that he would win out against the storm. Once it was over, they could easily broadcast an S.O.S. and stand to while a fuel ship reached them from a nearby harbor.

The hodge-deer broke open under the impact smashing the men inside against the walls. Spray pelted the decks like small wet stones, while shrieking crewmen, their frozen grips torn away from the quivering guide ropes, were blown away into the darkness. But over the storm's guttural roar came delirious laughter.

"Go on," Van Cleef screamed at the storm. "Try to kill me! You'll FAIL! I'm still your master!" The crew stared at him, numb with terror. This was a madman, challenging the gods of the Sea! Which one would win?

But already, the storm was over. The clouds parted, letting in the sun. The wind died—and silence descended, leaving Van Cleef alone on the bridge to rule over his domain. The fuel was gone, the engine dead, he mused—but he had won again as he always would.

Then suddenly—a tremor shook the ship and made it spin around slowly at first in a wide circle, then faster, in ever-decreasing circles. The crewmen began screaming never to stop while Van Cleef stood transfixed with horror. For there before his eyes, was a gigantic whirlpool created by the storm, that would do what its counterpart in the sky could not—suck the ship into its maw and leave behind one water—the SEA—alone and forever.

A POINT OF ORDER! IF YOU'RE EXPECTING E.C.'S NEWEST HORROR MAG TO BE BETTER THAN TALES FROM THE CRYPT, THE VAULT OF HORROR, AND THE HAUNT OF FEAR, YOU'LL BE SADLY DISAPPOINTED! IT'S ONLY JUST AS GOOD!



INVESTIGATE YOUR FAVORITE NEWSSTAND FOR THE FIRST "JUST-AS-GOOD" ISSUE! HOWEVER IF YOU'RE TIED UP WITH RED TAPE (ADHESIVE, THAT IS!) AND YOU'D RATHER **SUBSCRIBE**, FILL OUT THE COUPON AND SEND IN, TOGETHER WITH AN **UNDOCTORED PHOTO** OF GEORGE WASHINGTON ON A \$1.00 BILL, YOU'LL RECEIVE **8 UNCROPPED** ISSUES IN THE MAIL.

THE CRYPT-KEEPER
ROOM 106
225 LAFAYETTE STREET
N.Y.C. 12, N.Y.

HERE'S MY BUCK. SEND ME THE NEXT 8 ISSUES OF YOUR NEWEST MAG, **THE CRYPT OF TERROR.**

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____ ZONE NO. _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

SHANGHAIED

CAPTAIN HENRY WALTON HAD BROUGHT HIS SQUARE-RIGGED SHIP INTO SAN FRANCISCO HARBOR IN ORDER TO FILL HER WATER CASKS AND REPLENISH HER FOOD STORES IN PREPARATION FOR THE LONG HOMEMARD-BOUND TRIP AROUND CAPE HORN. THE CREW HAD BEEN ALLOWED TO GO ASHORE WITH STRICT ORDERS TO RETURN THE FOLLOWING DAY BEFORE THE TIDE. BUT THE TOP OF THE TIDE HAD PASSED AND THE FLYING ALBATROSS HAD STILL SWUNG AT HER MOORINGS IN THE BAY. SOME OF THE CREW HAD NOT RETURNED AND CAPTAIN WALTON HAD REFUSED TO ATTEMPT THE TRIP SHORTHANDED. INSTEAD, HE'D SENT AN URGENT PLEA TO HIS SHIPPING COMPANY'S WEST COAST REPRESENTATIVE ASHORE TO SUPPLY HIM THE HANDS HE LACKED. NOW, AS THE RISE 'N' TIDE FLOWED IN THROUGH THE GOLDEN GATE, THE CAPTAIN PEERED OVER THE GUNWALE AT THE SKIFF THAT HAD PULLED ALONGSIDE...

WHO ARE YOU? STATE YOUR BUSINESS!

THE NAME'S FISOTT, CAPTAIN! I'VE BRUNG YOU YOUR CREW....

CAPTAIN WALTON GLARED DOWN AT THE BLEARY-EYED UNSHAVEN "CRIMP" STANDING AT THE TILLER OF HIS SKIFF. THEN HE STUDIED THE THREE UNCONSCIOUS FIGURES SPRAWLED ACROSS THE THwarts...

I'LL TAKE NO SHANGHAIED MEN AS CREW ON MY SHIP, MR. FISOTT. MY SHIPPING COMPANY'S REPRESENTATIVE ASHORE IS GOING TO SUPPLY SOMER VOLUNTEERS FOR...

MR. BERTON... YOUR MAN ASHORE... HAS ALREADY PAID FOR THESE SILSE RATS, CAPTAIN WALTON!



ONE OF THE UNFORTUNATE MEN IN THE SEA SKIFF GRANTED AND ROLLED OVER SO THAT CAPTAIN WALTON COULD SEE HIS FACE AS HE SPOKE...

I DON'T BELIEVE IT! BUT IF MR. BERTON DID PAY YOU TO SHANGHAI MEN FOR THE FERRY ALBATROSS, YOU CAN TURN AROUND AND BRING THEM BACK TO HIM. THERE'LL BE NO...NO...

DEAF, CAPTAIN! HAVE IT YOUR WAY! I GOT MY MONEY ALREADY! I DON'T CARE! BUT THE TIDE'LL BE RIGHT IN HALF AN HOUR, AN'



CAPTAIN WALTER POINTED TO THE SHAGGY MAN WHO HAD ROLLED OVER.

WAIT! HOLD ON!
PUT A LIGHT ON
THAT MAN THERE!

SURE
THINK,
CAPT?
CAPT?



THE CRIMP TOOK THE LANTERN FROM BOBING THE AFTERBART AND HELD IT CLOSE TO THE SWOLLEN FACE OF THE UNCONSCIOUS MAN.

HE'S AN ABLE-
BODIED SPECIMEN.
CAPT? HE'LL MAKE
A FINE FORTCASTLE
HAND...

BRING
HIM
ABOARD?
BUT?



THE CAPTAIN UNCOILED A ROPE LADDER DOWN THE SIDE OF HIS VESSEL, AND THE CRIMP SLUNG THE LIMP FIGURE OVER HIS SHOULDERS.

WHAT ABOUT THESE
OTHERS, CAPT?

JUST HIM?
JUST HIM?



THE CRIMP STRUGGLED UP THE ROPE LADDER WITH HIS HUMAN CARGO AND SLID HIM OVER THE GUNWALK.

THERE HE IS... ALL
POUR? YOU SURE
ABOUT THE OTHERS?

TAKE HIM BELOW TO
MY CABIN?



THE SKIPPER FOLLOWED THE DEALER IN FLESH AS HE PASSED HIS BURDEN DOWN THE COMPANIONARY AND INTO THE CABIN.

WHEN HE WAKES UP,
HE'LL BE ROARIN',
CAPT. WHY PUT HIM IN
YOUR QUARTERS? WHY
NOT IN THE HOLD SO'S
YOU CAN "TURN HIM
FO" ONCE YOU'RE AHEAD?

I'LL TELL YOU WHY, MR.
PIDOTT? JUST LAY HIM ON
THAT BUNK THERE AN'
SIT DOWN? HAVE A DRINK?



PIDOTT DUMPED THE UNFORTUNATE MAN ONTO THE BUNK AND TOOK OFF HIS HAT, RELEASING A MOP OF DIRTY CURLY HAIR.

DRINK? WHY, THANK
YOU? SOW NICE IF I
DO, CAPT?

YOU SEE, PIDOTT, I'VE BEEN
SEARCHING FOR THAT MAN
FOR TWELVE YEARS? I WAS
ABOVE LAST NIGHT LOOKIN'
FOR HIM



I'VE LOOKED FOR HIM
EVERY TIME I'VE COME
TO "PRISOD" I'VE
LOOKED FOR HIM IN
EVERY PORT I'VE HIT.
I'VE DREAMED OF THE
DAY I'D FIND HIM



AN' NOW, YOU
KNOW? WHAT'S
HE DO TO YOU,
CAPT. SO'S
YOU'D WANT
TO HUNT 'IN
DOWN?

TWELVE
YEARS AGO
THIS MAN
SHAGGYED
ME, PIDOTT?





HE'G MANAGED TO MANUEVER ME ONTO A TRAPDOOR IN FRONT OF THE BAR, AND AT HIS SIGNAL, MY OTHER BROTHERSON'G RELEASED IT. I'D DROPPED INTO A DARK, DARK CELLAR.

BEFORE I COULD GET TO MY FEET
HE'D COME DOWN SOME NEAR
STAIRS AND STOOD OVER ME BRAND-
ISHING A WICKED-GLORING CLUB...

AFTER THE
 I DON'T
 UNDERSTAND

YOU'RE GOING TO
SEE LITTLE MAN
NOW, SON!

STATE OF TEXAS,
COUNTY OF DALLAS.

YOU DEMAND
NOTHING! I
NEED ONE MORE
HAND TO FILL MY
ORDER! AND YOU
ARE IT! SIGN
THESE ARTICLES.

I DON'T SEE
ANYTHING!
YOU CAN'T
BLAME ME.

04-2007

HE RAISED HIS CLUB AND STRUCK
ME SAVAGELY ACROSS THE CHEEK. I
SCREAMED IN PAIN.

1998

THE HELD OUT THE GRIMY PAPER...

2000

'THIS TIME HE LASHED HIS CLUB
OVER MY SKULL SO BRUTALLY THAT
I BLACKED OUT. ...'

Abstract

"When I came to, I was in a stiff moving upward to a white bar. Sprawled around me were several dirty drunken, unconscious men. I started to rise, but he was there...grinning at me..."

TAKE ME AWAY! YOU'VE
GIVEN ME A NEW LIFE

1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 2679, 26

THIS TIME HE *KICKED* ME WITH ALL HIS MIGHT... AND AGAIN I PASSED OUT.

I WAS BROUGHT AROUND BY THE SPILLAGE OF SEA WATER ON MY FACE. I OPENED MY EYES. THE MATE OF THE LARK MARTIN RIDGE WAS "TURNING US TOP..."

ALL RIGHT, YOU SCURRY BRONE! ON DECK! THERE'S WORK TO DO! MOVE!

WHERE AM I? WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS?

YOU'RE SIXTEEN MILES OUT IN THE PACIFIC, SEUM! SOUND FOR MANILA, TOKYO, AND THE GULF OF GOOD HOPE. NOW, GET TOPSIDE! THE RIDGIN' NEEDS TIGHTENIN'!

I'M NOT A SEAMAN! THIS IS INSANE...



HE GRABBED ME BY THE LEGS AND DROGGED ME FROM MY BUNK. HE STOOD OVER ME, GRANDMOTHERING A MOP...

THE STING OF THE WHISTLING LEATHER THONGS ACROSS MY MOUTH CUT MY WORDS SHORT...

...AND I STUMBLED ON DECK, MY LIP BLEEDING, MY FACE CLAPPING AN UNLUCKY OAR...

YOU'RE A SEAMAN! NOW, MISTER! OR WOULD YOU LIKE TO ARGUE WITH THIS WHOP?

I DEMAND TO SEE THE CAPTAIN! I...

YOU DEMAND NOTHING!

NOW YOU GET THE IDEAS!



THE VOYAGE ON THE MARTIN RIDGE TOOK THREE YEARS. FIRST I WAS SWEARING AND CUNGLING... BUT I SOON LEARNED TO SCURRY UP THE RIGGING AND PULL THE SHALES WITH THE BEST OF THEM...

BUT I ALWAYS CARRIED THAT ONE DREAM! AT NIGHT, ON WATCH AT MASTHEAD, I WOULD GAZE OUT AT THE DARK BLUE EXPANSE OR DOWN AT THE SCRAVED-DECK. AND I WOULD LONG FOR THE DAY WHEN I WOULD ONCE AGAIN MEET UP WITH A HUNTER NAMED MIKE... THE MAN WHO HAD SHAPENED ME.



"THREE YEARS AT SEA BUILDS A MAN, IT HARDENS FLABBY UNDEVELOPED MUSCLES...HARDENS THEM INTO SPRING-STEEL BANDS THAT RUMPLE AND FLEX LIKE A CROUCHED TIGER READY TO LEAP UPON ITS PREY, AND MY PREY WAS A RUNNER BACK IN PRISCO...A SHANGHAI-ING LOUZY NAMED MIKE. WHEN MY VOYAGE TERMINATED IN BOSTON, I SIGNED ON ANOTHER SHIP BOUND FOR PRISCO."

"YOU GOT THE BOSS'M'S JOB, WALTON?"

"THANK YOU, SIR!"



"I TRACKED MY PREY THREE TIMES AROUND THE WORLD, STICKING WITH THE *FLYING ALBATROSS*. TWO MONTHS OUT OF SALEM, ITS HOME PORT, MY CAPTAIN FELL ILL..."

"SHE'S IN YOUR HANDS, WALTON? BE GOOD TO HER..."

"YES, SIR?"



"IN SALEM, THE SHIPPING COMPANY'S OWNER INTERVIEWED ME..."

"YOU STRIKE ME AS BEING *COMPETENT* AND *INTELLIGENT*, WALTON, WITH *TEN YEARS OF SEA EXPERIENCE*, I SEE NO REASON WHY YOU CANNOT CONTINUE BEING CAPTAIN OF THE *FLYING ALBATROSS*!"

"THANK YOU, SIR!"



"IN PRISCO, EIGHTEEN MONTHS LATER, I SEARCHED HIGH AND LOW FOR MY QUARRY UNTIL MY MONEY RAN OUT. I'D HEARD A RUMOR HE'D SHIPPED OFF TO AFRICA, SO I SIGNED ON A SHIP BOUND FOR THE GOLD COAST."

"STEVENS HAD COME DOWN WITH *PLEURISY*, WALTON? YOU'RE FIRST MATE OF THE *FLYING ALBATROSS* NOW..."

"THANK YOU, SIR!"



"THE CAPTAIN DIED TWO WEEKS LATER, AND SO I BROUGHT THE *FLYING ALBATROSS* HOME UNDER MY COMMAND..."

"MR. WILKINS, CHANGE COURSE TWO DEGREES EAST? READY AS SHE GOES?"

"AYE, AYE, SIR!"



"IN TEN YEARS, I'D RISEN FROM SHANGHAIED SEAMAN TO BOSS'M TO SECOND MATE TO FIRST MATE TO CAPTAIN, AND ALL THE WHILE, I'D SEARCHED FOR A MAN NAMED 'MIKE', IN EVERY DIRTY BAR FROM HERE TO CHICAGO..."

"BORN, CAPTAIN? CAN'T SAY THAT I KNOW A 'MIKE' THAT FITS YOUR DESCRIPTION!"

"THANKS, ANYWAY!"





1 Box of 21 New Christmas Cards

Yours
FREE!

**I'll Give You This Feature
Assortment of 21 New, Lovely
Christmas Cards Free To Show
How Easily You Can Earn**

\$75.00 OR MORE

**Showing These Cards
In Your Spare Time!**

**Amazing Get-Acquainted Offer For
MEN! WOMEN! BOYS! GIRLS!**

Imagine! This big box of 21 beautiful new Christmas Cards is yours without one penny's cost to you. You won't be asked to return the cards or pay for them, now or then. We're making this amazing offer to show you how easily you can make as much as \$75.00 and more with our exciting new Christmas Cards!

ANYONE CAN MAKE MONEY THIS EASY WAY!

Whether you're 16 or 60... a student, housewife or have a full-time job... you can make big money in your spare time! You don't need any experience. We'll supply you with a big order of actual samples **ON APPROVAL**. Just show these samples to people you know. Our big values sell on sight—and you keep up to half of each dollar to your big cash profit. You can quickly make \$75.00 selling only 150 boxes. With our big line of Christmas and All-Occasion Assortments, Name-Imprinted Christmas Cards, Stationery and other fast-sellers, you make still more money!

OFFER LIMITED... ACT NOW!

Need no money. Just mail coupon for sample cards **ON APPROVAL** and Feature Assortment **FREE**. You must be satisfied that you can make money this easy way, or you may return the samples only. **THE \$1.00 FEATURE ASSORTMENT IS YOURS TO KEEP, FREE, WHETHER YOU RETURN THE SAMPLE OUTFIT OR NOT!** This offer is limited, one for a family, and may never be repeated.

**STUART GREETINGS, Dept. PG-117
4434 N. CLARK ST. CHICAGO 40, ILL.**

I am interested in making money with your outfit of sample assortments. Rush it **ON APPROVAL** (include \$1 Feature Christmas Assortment FREE, per your offer).

Name

Address

City & State

If for forwarding, give representative's name below

**FREE BOX
COUPON**

Mail coupon for money-making sample outfit **ON APPROVAL**. Get Feature Assortment as a **FREE GIFT** for trying our plan.

Mail Now!

SEE WHAT OTHERS DO!

"I make \$30 to \$40 a week in my spare time. It's easy. Your cards sell themselves!"

R. E. T., New Haven

"Customers can't resist these cards. Showing them at a garage forces the deal to open extra money!"

M. E. Wierman

STUART GREETINGS, INC.

4434 N. CLARK ST., Dept. PG-117, Chicago 40, Ill.

Send for my FREE Outfit and start a Quick-Cash spare time Shoe Business!

**Complete Starting
Outfit Sent FREE!**

**De Luxe
Sample Kit
Worth \$35
Loaned Without
Cost to Qualified
Man Everywhere**

**Just 2 Sales a Day
Brings You up to \$217
EXTRA a Month!**



We Show You How To Do It!

Now, without spending one cent, you can start a spare-time Shoe Business that brings in exciting cash profits every month! My powerful Selling Outfit makes it **easy**. Just take 3 orders a day for our fine, Nationally-Advertized shoes and you earn up to **\$217.50 extra** a month! You also get chances to win valuable free prizes.

EVERYBODY Wears Shoes!

Shoe's the perfect business, because **EVERYONE** you know can be a customer! Just show friends, relatives, neighbors, people whom you work, how Mason Velvet-ox shoe business shoes let them "Walk on Air" - That's **REAL** comfort!

As the Mason Shoe Customer you give people the **EXACT** style, size and width they order because you draw on our giant stock of 200,000 pairs in sizes 3 1/2 to 12, widths AAAA to EEEE. Our current choices from over 140 different styles—dress, sport and work styles for men and women, including air-cooled Nylon Mesh shoes, also work shoes with special built-in cushion and safety features. You'll be **EXCITED** the way people start steady cash profits in your pocket the extra-comfortable Mason shoe!

Mason Shoes Can Be Bought Only From YOU!

Because we do not sell Mason Velvet-ox shoes in stores, people must buy these TV advertised shoes where we named **Quick-Money-making Shoe ONLY FROM YOU**... and **keep** buying from you! **40** Right now, during our Golden Anniversary year, is the perfect time to get started. Just mail the coupon and TV rent your money-making **FREE** Selling Outfit. The Professional Sample Outfit pictured above is sent to qualified men without a penny's cost! Good delivery and start earning exciting cash profits **RIGHT AWAY!**



RUSH FOR FREE OUTFIT!

**MR. & MRS. MASON
MASON SHOE MFG. CO., Dept. MA-360
Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin**

Please rush me **FREE** Advertising **FREE** Selling Outfit so I can start making up to **\$217.50 EXTRA** a month and receive **RIGHT AWAY!**

NAME

ADDRESS

TOWN STATE

MASON SHOE MFG. CO.
DEPT. MA-360, CHIPPWA FALLS, WIS.

